

## Caught.

A FABLE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.  
Two little fishes were swimming one day  
In a cool, pleasant river, a mile away  
Said Seely to Finny, "Oh, there's a nice little  
I wish I could catch him. I'll just go and try."  
"Stop! stop!" replied Finny, "there's danger, I  
fear!"  
I see a long line, and a man watching there.  
Don't venture, dear Seely; he's guided by me.  
Or else you'll be caught, as sure as can be."

But Seely was heedless; the fly was so nice,  
That soon he forgot careful Finny's advice.  
He snatched at the fly, when, as quickly as  
thought,  
Came a jerk, and, oh dear! little Seely was  
caught.  
Now wasn't he foolish? And yet, how I wish  
Little children were never like that little fish.  
But when sin entices, how often we see  
That they yield to temptation as quickly as he!

But they who thus foolishly choose what is  
wrong,  
Are sure to repent of their choice before long.  
For, like little Seely, they find, though too  
late,  
That a sharp hook is hid in the nice-looking  
bait.

## Farm and Garden.

**Raising Calves.**—The calves are selected  
as much for the good qualities of  
their dams as for their individual excel-  
lence, and are allowed to remain with  
the cow from two to three weeks. We  
never remove a calf in bitter cold  
weather, as its future welfare depends  
in a great measure upon the start it  
gets; and if it is worth raising at all, it  
is worth giving a good start. At first  
it is offered warm skim milk. This it  
generally refuses the first meal, and  
sometimes the second, but rarely after-  
wards. We never allow them to suck the  
fingers, and save many a cold and ach-  
ing hand. They readily learn to eat by  
themselves, thriving better and cost-  
ing much less trouble. As soon as pos-  
sible a little bran is mixed with the  
skim milk, and shortly afterward thick  
milk is substituted for the skim milk.  
The quantity is increased until the calf  
receives about five quarts of milk and a  
pint of meal twice a day. We use equal  
parts of bran and corn meal, or corn  
and oats. The drink is always warmed  
in cold weather by mixing with hot  
water.

Calves fed in this manner, and hav-  
ing plenty of good hay, will weigh from  
500 to 550 pounds at eight months old.  
They are then weaned, and continue to  
thrive on good hay and grass alone, the  
heifers having a calf of their own at 22  
or 23 months old, and being fully  
able to do so. This method is used on  
an ordinary farm, with medium sized,  
good milking, native and grade cattle.  
—Rural New Yorker.

**Cure for Mange.**—Equal parts of sul-  
phur and cream of tartar, made into a  
ball with syrup or honey; administer  
daily for three or four days. Wash the  
parts affected with carbolic soap, and  
anoint with a paste of lard, sulphur,  
and powdered charcoal ground to-  
gether.

**Spavin.**—The treatment of spavin is  
simple enough, but far from being al-  
ways successful. The owner of the  
horse will neither consult his own in-  
terests nor the dictates of humanity if  
he suffers the chisel and mallet or the  
gunlet, or the pointed iron or arsenic to  
be used; yet measures of considerable  
severity must be resorted to. Repeated  
bleistering will usually cause either the  
absorption of the bony deposit or the  
abatement or removal of the inflamma-  
tion of the ligaments; or, as a last re-  
source, the heated iron may be applied.  
—Turk, Field and Farm.

**Hollow Horn Remedy.**—The following  
remedy can be relied upon: First, put  
a little turpentine between and back of  
the horns; then take two tea-cups full  
of salt and water, and pour one in  
each ear—both at the same time—once  
a day for three successive days. This  
cures the hollow horn every time.

**Vermion on Stock.**—A correspondent  
says he feeds his stock a tea-spoonful of  
sulphur to each animal with their  
salt, once in two weeks. When he has  
done so, no vermin has troubled them,  
and his dairy cows have not been af-  
fected with garget, nor his sheep with  
grub in the head. He has practiced  
this for twenty years.

**Breeding Sows.**—A correspondent of  
the *Prairie Farmer* says, that it is not  
safe to pen up breeding sows and feed  
them heavily on corn alone. Those left  
to run at large may be fed on corn ex-  
clusively, as much as they can consume,  
without injury.

**Soot as Manure.**—Although almost ever  
since agriculture has been practiced,  
and that we believe is ever since the  
creation of the world, soot has been  
known to be a valuable manure, and  
yet in the 19th century there are hun-  
dreds of farmers who cannot be per-  
suaded to believe this. It is really as  
valuable as guano. Take a hoghead of  
water, and dissolve in it twelve quarts  
of soot, and you will have a splendid  
liquid manure for plants. Apply it to  
the root, of course, and then watch the  
results.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

It is said that hay can be made fire-  
proof by sprinkling a layer of salt be-  
tween each layer of hay. This process  
is recommended as serving the double  
purpose of a preventive against fire and  
rendering the hay more conducive to  
the health of cattle and more agreeable  
to their palates.

If a tree is felled while in leaf, and  
allowed to lie until the foliage withers,  
the wood will be the soonest seasoned,  
as the leaves will draw all the sap be-  
fore they die.

It is related of an English farmer  
that he condensed his practical experi-  
ence into this rule: Feed your land  
before it is hungry, rest it before it is  
weary, and weed it before it is foul.

A bee farmer says: "I find by ex-  
perience that hives painted with Venetian  
red or Prussian blue are in a man-  
ner exempt from the ravages of the  
moth, and that white hives are the ones  
that suffer."

A Western farmer says: "My remedy  
for scratches on horses or cows is an  
ointment made of equal parts of tar,  
sulphur and lard, applied every day.  
I have never failed of effecting a speedy  
cure."

The highest farm in the world is said  
to be situated four miles from Sherman  
station, on the Union Pacific railroad.  
It has an elevation of eight thousand  
feet above the sea level. Vegetables  
and grain thrive well on the farm, and  
two hundred young apple trees have  
been set out as an experiment.

The manure of birds is richer than  
that of animals; as the solid and liquid  
excrements are mixed together, it is

particularly rich in nitrogen and phos-  
phates. Three or four hundred weight  
of the manure of pigeons, fowls, tur-  
keys, etc., is of equal value with from  
fourteen to eighteen loads of animal  
manure.

Bees are now sent by mail, confined  
in a square block of wood, with augur  
holes bored in it, and covered with wire  
gauze.

Hogs that are much confined, and  
cannot get to the earth, will frequently  
be benefited by having a little char-  
coal, soft brick-bats or rotten wood  
thrown in to them, and a trifling quan-  
tity of brimstone mixed in their food  
occasionally is an excellent thing.

## Hints for the Housewife.

**Soda Soap.**—The following is excellent;  
try it: Two lbs bar soap; two lbs sal  
soda; ten quarts soft water; boil till all  
is dissolved.

**To take Ink out of Linen.**—Dip the spot-  
ted part in pure melted tallow; then  
wash out the tallow, and the ink will  
come out with it. This is said to be un-  
failing.

**Oyster Sauce.**—When your oysters are  
opened take care of all the liquor, and  
give them one boil in it. Then take  
the oysters out, and put to the liquor  
two or three blades of mace; add to it  
some melted butter, and some good  
cream; put in the oysters and give  
them a boil.

**Oyster Toast.**—Bruise one anchovy fine  
in a mortar; take twenty oysters, cut  
off their heads, and chop them small;  
mix the anchovy and chopped oysters  
in a saucepan, with as much cream as  
will make them of a good consistency;  
add a little cayenne pepper; spread  
them, when quite hot, on a round of  
hot, well-buttered toast, cut as for an-  
chovy toast.

**Ginger Snaps.**—Half a pound of treacle,  
quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one  
table-spoonful of ground ginger, one of  
caraway seeds. Work a quarter of a  
pound of butter into a pound of fine  
flour, then mix it with the treacle,  
brown sugar, ginger and caraway seeds.  
Work it all well together, and form it  
into cakes not larger than a half dollar,  
place them on a baking tin in a moder-  
ate oven, when they will be dry and crisp.

**Steamed Pudding.**—Two eggs, two tea-  
cups of sour milk, one tea-spoonful of  
soda, a little salt, flour enough to make  
it quite thick, or it will be heavy.  
Beat this smooth. Add cherries, rasp-  
berries, currants or any dried fruit you  
may have. Steam two hours, taking  
care that the water is kept over the  
pudding or bag all the time, and that it  
does not stop boiling. Eat with cream  
and sugar, hard sauce, or any liquid  
sauce you may prefer.

**Another Cure for Felon.**—The *Journal of  
Medicine* gives the following recipe for  
this painful affliction, which it says has  
been known to cure scores of cases, and  
will never fail if applied in season. The  
reader will do well to cut it out and re-  
serve it: "As soon as the parts begin to  
swell, get the tincture of lobelia and  
wrap the part affected with a cloth sat-  
urated thoroughly with the tincture,  
and the felon will be dead."

## Education in Japan.

A correspondent of the *Springfield  
Republican* writes from Yokohama:

The Minister of Education is attempt-  
ing a thorough remodeling of the  
Yeddo College, as it is sometimes called,  
dismissing all the native teachers, and  
reducing the number of pupils from  
about eleven hundred to say five hun-  
dred in all, who are to be admitted, or  
readmitted on examination as to their  
attainments and capacity to learn.  
Hereafter only foreign instructors are  
to be employed in the school, and  
eventually none but professors of the  
several branches of science will be re-  
tained. The intention is to organize  
the institution after the fashion of a  
European university, as fast as the ad-  
vancement of the students will admit  
of it. Rev. G. F. Verbeck is still at the  
head of the college, and was introduced  
as such to his Majesty at the palace,  
last Friday. The eagerness for instruc-  
tion in foreign languages and science  
grows daily in extent and intensity, and  
schools for this purpose are springing  
up in various and widely distant parts  
of Japan. There are nine of these  
sanctioned and supported by the Gov-  
ernment already.

Another most promising fact deserves  
to be mentioned in this connection. I  
refer to the awakening desire on the  
part of the people of all classes in this  
vicinity for female education. A Ver-  
mont lady has a girl's school in this  
place, which was opened on the 1st of  
September last, exclusively for girls,  
and it numbers seventeen pupils now.  
A wealthy native merchant at this port  
has offered to build a school-house for  
the purpose of furnishing a school for  
the people of all classes, and has re-  
ceived permission of the Government  
to do so. I am informed that a Buddhist  
temple at Kanagawa, on the opposite  
side of the bay, has been temporarily  
taken for the purpose. This is also to  
be a school for English studies. The  
Government school at this place has  
about seventy-five pupils in it, and a  
new building is soon to be erected for  
its accommodation, constructed after  
an American plan. The pupils in this  
school are from almost all parts of the  
country. These facts serve to show how  
extensively the desire for knowledge  
has spread in the country, and are a  
good sign of progress and improve-  
ment.

When the late Gov. Bigler, of Cali-  
fornia, was Minister to Chili, he pro-  
cured a situation in a mercantile house  
for Harry Meigs, who was under the  
ban of law and an exile from Califor-  
nia. The friendly act was remembered  
by the now South America railroad  
king and millionaire, and less than a  
year ago the Governor received a check  
by which he was enabled to purchase a  
comfortable homestead in San Francis-  
co, in which he died recently.

DAVID R. DICKEY, of Randolph, Tenn.,  
made a bet that he could eat four bot-  
tles of brandy-peaches, and drink all  
the liquor, together with two tumblers  
of raw whisky. He drank the whisky  
and ate the peaches. A post mortem  
examination revealed the fact that his  
stomach was much larger than  
stomachs in general.

## The Door-Step.

BY EDMUND C. STEADMAN.  
The conference meeting through at last.  
We boys around the vestry waited  
To see the girls come tripping in.  
Like snow-birds waiting to be met  
Not braver hearts than these.  
By level market-floors they flitted,  
Then I, who stepped behind them all,  
Who loomed to see me get the mitten.  
But no, she blushed and took my arm!  
We let the old folks take the highway,  
And started toward Maple Farm  
Along a sort of lovers' by-way.  
I can't remember what we said,  
I was nothing worth a song or story,  
Yet that rude path by which we sped  
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.  
The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;  
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
Her face with youth and health was beaming.  
The little hand under her muff—  
O sculptor, if you could but mold it—  
So lightly touched my jacket of wool!  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.  
To have her with me there alone,  
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended;  
At last we reached the foot-wood point,  
Where that delicious journey ended.  
She shook her ringlets from her brow,  
And with a "Thank you, Nell," dissembled:  
But yet I knew she understood:  
With what a daring wish I trembled.  
A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
The moon was slowly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face as if it said:  
"Come now or never! do it! do it!"  
My lips till then had only known  
The kiss of mother and of sister,  
But, somehow, full upon her own  
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!  
Perhaps 'twas only boyish love, yet still,  
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill  
I'd give—but who can live life over?

## STORY OF AN INKSTAND.

WITH THE INKSTAND LEFT OUT.  
"That inkstand? Yes, it has a his-  
tory. I may as well tell it to you now  
as any other time, I suppose. You  
ought to be called the Great American  
History Extractor, or Romance Ex-  
tractor; for if there is a particle of ro-  
mance in anything or anybody in a  
place where you happen to be, you are  
sure to scent it out."

"Of all days, this is the most glorious  
one for a romance—the rain falling with  
that steady, monotonous drip, drip,  
drip; not a soul in the house but our-  
selves, and we so snug in this splendid  
old library."

Mag Hastings was indeed an indefatig-  
able romance-hunter. She was always  
looking for situations where the roman-  
tic predominated. She would have  
succeeded as a dramatist, without a  
doubt. She was apparently as happy as  
mortal could be on the morning of his  
quest, nestled in the depths of my  
study, lounge, perfectly certain that  
she looked picturesque in her dark  
green street suit, relieved by the dain-  
tiest linen.

"Come here, pet," said she; and a  
bunch of white wool, with a blue ribbon  
tied at one end of it, marking a spot  
where in a dog's neck would be, trotted  
mysteriously toward her. What pro-  
pelling power there could be in the  
shaggy thing was a wonder I never  
could get over, but somehow it man-  
aged to spring into Mag's arms, and  
then the silence assured me that my  
story was expected.

The surroundings were favorable for  
story-telling, it is true. The room  
heavily wainscoted with dark wood; the  
cases of books of all times and of all  
varieties; the long windows richly  
draped with scarlet brocade, lined with  
exquisite lace; the thick soft carpet of  
mottled green; the Turkish lounges,  
the quaint chairs, luxuriously uphol-  
stered; the bronzes on the mantle and  
in niches and corners—bronzes that  
told old stories of mythology; the en-  
gravings on the wall; the little gems in  
oil selected for their wonderful coloring—  
an autumn scene, a burning ship, a  
group of German peasants; the glowing  
fire of sea-coal, and the polished hearth  
and fender—all appealed to the love of  
the beautiful and the picturesque, while  
the cold, unceasing rain, the bare,  
gaunt trees, the dripping shrubbery,  
and the blanched grass drove the  
thoughts within for solace and amuse-  
ment.

The inkstand that Mag Hastings re-  
ferred to was a pretty affair in Swiss  
carving. It represented two little  
peasants carrying water, the buckets  
suspended from a pole resting in a hand  
of each. Of course the water-pails were  
the ink receptacles, and the pole was  
the pen-rack. It was poetic and real-  
istic at the same time, and as pretty a  
trifle for a library table as one would  
wish to see.

"The story is a sad one, Mag," said I.  
"It will give you the blues for the rest  
of the day."  
"So much the better," she answered,  
with a true dramatic love of the horri-  
ble—"so much the better, I'd like to be  
stirred up a little. I fear I'm too  
comfortable. A little dash of imagin-  
ative sorrow is needed to relieve this  
perfect enjoyment. A little shade throws  
out the good points of anything, you  
know. Isn't it so, pet?" and she  
pinched the little appendage dignified  
by the name of tail till a sharp yelp  
came out of the soft white mass in her  
arms. "There, I told you so, pet; now  
you'll know what true repose is."

"I should scold you, Mag," said I, "if  
it were the least use in the world. But  
you are incorrigible; so I will go on.  
Time will give you shadow enough,  
without doubt."

"When I was in Venice—" I com-  
menced.  
"In Venice!" exclaimed Mag, sitting  
bolt upright, and giving the little dumpling  
of a poodle a push that brought out  
a most spiteful yelp. "When were  
you ever in Venice?"

"Why, you know, Mag, that I was  
abroad more than two years. In fact, I  
had just returned when you and I be-  
came acquainted," I replied, wondering  
a little at the unusual interest she ap-  
peared to take in the commencement of  
my story.

"Oh, I knew that," she replied. "But  
I never heard you say anything about  
Venice," again reclining and closing  
her eyes, as much as to say, "Go on, I  
am at a loss to conceive what made me  
so foolish as to disturb myself for so  
slight a thing as the mention of a for-  
eign and defunct city."  
"Well, when I was in Venice—I be-  
lieve it was the second month of my  
stay there—Charles came in one day."  
(Charles my husband) "from a long  
tramp about the Palazzo Loredan, the  
Ca' d'Oro—you know which I mean—the  
one built in the sixteenth century, in  
the original style, and restored by  
Mlle. Tagliani, the celebrated dancer—"

"Oh, yes," said Mag, impatiently, "I

know all about it. Haven't I been  
there? wasn't I born there? haven't I  
always lived there? didn't the doge of  
Venice christen me? didn't I draw my  
first breath on the Bridge of Sighs? and  
wasn't I one of Mlle. Tagliani's pupils?  
Go ahead and tell me what Charles said  
when he came back from his tramp  
about the Ca' d'Oro. But never mind  
the architecture; I'm not building at  
present."

I had seen Margaret in many strange  
moods, but never felt her to be so utterly  
incomprehensible as upon this occasion.  
However, I resumed without appearing  
to remark it.  
"Charles came in, and said, hastily,  
'Nell, tell Pedro to get up a nice lunch  
just as quick as he can. I have brought  
an invalid home with me, and if I can  
I shall persuade him to remain a while  
with us. I have taken a strange fancy  
to the fellow, and should like to have  
him where we could take a little care of  
him. He will certainly die if somebody  
don't take an interest in him. So I  
hurried around, and after a little Pedro  
and I—'

"Oh, never mind about the lunch!"  
interrupted Mag again, without opening  
her eyes, and with a little tremble in  
her voice, which I could not under-  
stand. "Proceed with the man! Animals  
always interest me more than food."

"You would not call Austin Benedict  
an animal if you could see him once,"  
I replied, a little indignantly, and was  
about to add that I didn't wish Charles  
mixed up with that species either, when  
over went the lap-dog on to the lounge,  
and Mag said, irritably:

"I believe that animal thinks I have  
nothing to do but to make my lap into a  
bed for his convenience. Go on, Nell.  
Austin Benedict! Austin Benedict is a  
good name. I'll bet my new solitary  
against three cents that his character  
was as strong as his cognomen. A man  
called Austin Benedict would do what  
he considered to be right, if by so doing  
it killed him and everybody he was ac-  
quainted with! I wish you would ring  
for some wine, Nell. I am as cold as  
death. Don't get up, though—and  
please go on."

"Yes," I resumed, "you are quite  
right about Mr. Benedict's character. I  
believe there is something in names.  
But for all that the fellow was dying for  
love."

"A very interesting case," said Mag,  
turning deathly pale. "Do you know  
the circumstances?" and then, with the  
slightest perceptible sneer, added, "A  
man must be very strong to admit such  
a thing about himself."

"Oh," I answered, "it was a long  
time before we got at the facts in the  
case; but one day, when I sat by him,  
and we all thought he couldn't last  
many hours, he told me the whole  
story."

"When you sat by him, and thought  
he couldn't last many hours, he told  
you the whole story?" repeated Mag, in  
strange sort of a way. "Did he die?"

"No," he rallied again, I answered,  
almost out of breath at Mag's behavior.  
"It seems that he loved with his whole  
heart and soul a very beautiful and  
much-sought-after young lady. She  
pretended to love him. Her parents were  
opposed to the match; she proposed to  
defy her parents. The next news he  
receives comes in the form of a letter  
from her, telling him that she finds she  
does not care for him as she supposed,  
and asking to be freed from her en-  
gagement."

"He did receive such a letter, did he?  
Austin Benedict did receive such a let-  
ter?" and Mag arose from her recum-  
bent position, and stood before me, pale  
as a corpse, but with the light of forty  
avenging angels in her eyes. "I never  
wrote the letter!" she exclaimed. "It  
is a forgery from beginning to end!  
Nell Harris, you took care of Austin  
Benedict in his last hours?" And now  
the proud head of Margaret Hastings  
was buried in my lap.

"I took care of him when he was ill,"  
I replied.

"And he loved the woman he believed  
to be false to the last?"

"He loved the woman!"  
"Oh, Nell! Nell! what shall I do?  
How can I ever live, now that I know  
he died with that cruel impression of  
me?" interrupted poor Mag giving me  
no opportunity to explain myself.

"You took care of him—you made him  
comfortable—you kissed him when he  
was dying; and I—loved and despised,  
I—"

It was about time for me to insist  
upon being listened to; so I said, "Stop  
a minute, Mag, darling. I did do all I  
could for Austin Benedict's comfort,  
and have kissed him a good many times;  
but not when he was dying, Mag; for  
he hasn't passed away yet, unless he  
has accomplished that feat to-day, and  
—and—"

"What in the world is all this?" said  
Charles, who had entered softly with his  
latch-key.

"Where is Austin?" I asked, in a  
whisper; for Mag was so still I didn't  
know but that she was dead.

"Here!" said the dear fellow, bound-  
ing forward. He stopped suddenly at  
sight of the figure at my feet. "In the  
name of the angels, Nell, what is this?  
and whom have you got there?"

One little faint cry from Mag, and she  
was a dead weight in Austin Benedict's  
arms. That was answer enough.

Such a day as that was! Between  
swoons, explanations, and embraces my  
mind got to running upon lunatic as-  
sumptions; but the sun set clear, and my  
reason remained unobscured. There was  
a wedding that same evening in the  
same library; and in all the happiness  
I ever witnessed—Charles's and mine  
thrown in—I know I never saw such  
perfect, unalloyed joy as exists between  
Mr. and Mrs. Austin Benedict. Mag  
didn't give me time to get to the in-  
terest, so you must imagine the history  
of that.

## Another Enoch Arden.

An English paper records a little  
Enoch Arden case, which turns out  
more to everybody's satisfaction than  
the one Tenyson originated. Thirty  
years ago a couple were married in Liv-  
erpool, and after the birth of their first  
child, the husband went to Australia.  
Not hearing anything of him for seven  
years, and supposing him dead, the  
woman married a widower with three  
children. She bore him five more, and  
some time ago he died, leaving her with  
nine in the family. Recently her first  
husband turned up in Liverpool, now a

man over seventy years old, acknowl-  
edged the mistake to have been his,  
and invited her to help him spend a  
large fortune which he had accumulated  
in his absence.

## Toys.

Toys for the million are peculiar to  
the age. Wood is by far too dear in  
England for their production, conse-  
quently the chief seat of their manu-  
facture is in the dense woods of Ger-  
many. From out the somber pine  
forests of Thuringia issue the penny-  
boxes of toys destined to make the  
homes of all Europe ring with joyous  
laughter—children's tea-things, Noah's  
arks, filled with only the leading ani-  
mals, soldiers, etc., and the most  
"screamingest" articles that ever de-  
lighted the urchins' ear and maddened  
the old folks. How so many pieces as  
go within these boxes can be made,  
brought from such a distance, and sold  
at a profit for a penny, is a marvel  
that can only be understood when the  
mystery of their manufacture is in-  
quired into. In the first place, the pine  
wood costs next to nothing; women and  
children are chiefly employed in their  
production; and great speed in their  
production is obtained by the division  
of labor, every toy passing through half  
a dozen hands. It would, at first sight,  
seem impossible that the lathe should  
be used in the production of animals,  
but here we have an example—a ring  
of elephants, if we may use the term.  
All those who have been abroad are  
familiar with the round rings of bread,  
eight or ten inches in diameter, seen in  
bakers' shops. In a toy-case, we saw  
what at first sight appeared to be one of  
these, but upon examining it more nar-  
rowly we perceived that it was a ring  
of pine wood turned in a lathe, not exactly  
in the form of a ring, but in the form  
of a ring of elephants—there were the  
trunk, the peculiar shaped head, and  
the legs cut around the ring, as it were;  
and it was evident that the workman  
had only to split this ring into a suffi-  
cient number of segments, (according  
to appropriate thickness), to transform  
the circle into a given number of ele-  
phants. These segmental elephants re-  
quire, of course, to be rounded and  
finished by hand, but the process is most  
curious, and is applicable to the pro-  
duction of any other animal, and ac-  
counts for the cheap rate at which these  
wondrous toys can be produced. When  
manufactured, they come to this coun-  
try by water carriage. Of course, art is  
out of the question in these penny arti-  
cles; but the imagination of children is  
lively enough to fill up all deficiencies,  
and, as may be expected, their sale is  
immense.—Cassell's Magazine.

**Polygamy in the Arctic Regions.**  
Two or three years ago an American  
vessel, the *Japan*, was shipwrecked on  
the extreme northern coast of Siberia,  
inhabited by a mixed race supposed to  
have originated from a mingling of the  
Russian and Tartar tribes, among whom  
the crew spent a considerable time.  
Ultimately they were taken off by a  
New Bedford whaler, and lately reached  
the Sandwich Islands with the crews of  
the ships abandoned in the Arctic  
Ocean. The description which they  
give of the customs and modes of life  
of their singular entertainers ought to  
have an especial interest for those san-  
guine persons who entertain an idea  
that the whole world is ripe for the es-  
tablishment of a universal republic.

The staple food of these people consists  
of raw whale and walrus in a state of  
decomposition, while such is their im-  
moderate love of tobacco, which, in  
common with alcohol, they procure  
from occasional traders, that children  
of both sexes, only a few months old,  
may be seen engaged in chewing the  
weed. In the summer months they  
live in huts made of walrus hide, and  
in winter in holes excavated in the  
mountain sides, daylight being admit-  
ted through holes cut in the rock,  
which are stopped up with ice instead  
of glass. During the summer the men  
employ themselves in hunting the whale  
and walrus in canoes, while the women  
are kept busy in gathering grass and  
herbs for edible and other purposes.  
In winter the chief objects of pursuit  
are deer, bear and foxes. The walrus,  
however, is their staple reliance, the  
blubber being placed in pits whose  
warmth soon reduces it to a state of put-  
refaction, in which condition it is es-  
teemed as a great luxury, while the  
hide furnishes material for huts, canvas,  
clothing, fishing nets, and pretty nearly  
everything else. Polygamy is indulged  
in to an unlimited extent, each man  
having as many wives as he can keep;  
the women, if they do not suit the  
tastes or meet the expectations of the  
husband, being discarded and sent back  
to their parents after a few weeks' pro-  
bation, while in case of infidelity to  
their liege lord a portion of the offend-  
er's nose is forfeited for the crime.  
The marines say, very naively, that they  
met with many victims of this rigorous  
law during their sojourn among them.

## Victor Emmanuel's Army.

How well prepared Italy is to main-  
tain an army may be understood from  
the present unsatisfactory character of  
her financial position. The idea of  
making Rome the capital of the United  
Kingdom has already cost as much as  
it was worth. Its public revenue for  
1870 was £38,021,530, its expenditure  
£44,485,040, showing a clear deficit of  
nearly \$30,000,000. Its public debt in  
April, 1869, was at such an uncertain  
amount that it must be expressed in  
round numbers at £300,000,000. It  
paid interest on the debt in 1870  
amounting to £18,692,592. Its exports  
in 1867—the last year of which we have  
any record—were £6,000,000 less than  
its imports. From one country alone  
last year it exported but one half of  
what it imported. It has a population  
of 25,000,000, of whom two years since,  
before the Convention of September  
was broken, 4 were Generals, 13 Lieut-  
enant-Generals, 97 Major-Generals, 221  
Colonels, 263 Lieutenant-Colonels, 759  
Majors, about 17,000 other officers, and  
360,000 were effective soldiers, or is not  
effective, at least so described in the  
official reports. Thus on the 1st of  
January, 1870, there were under colors  
546,442 men. These were withdrawn  
from positions in which their superior  
intelligence might have made them of  
material benefit to the country—  
11,232 officers, besides 3,654 who were  
available and might be called on at any  
time to serve.

## Current Items.

OWEGO, KANSAS, has a brass band  
composed of ten ladies.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, proposes to have  
water works.

AN insurrection of the Indians in  
Southern Florida is anticipated.

GENERAL SPINNER has found that  
women are more honest than men.

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA, bred, fed, edu-  
cated, and admitted the first female  
lawyer in the United States.

A CUT-STONE water-tank, 90 feet high,  
to cost \$20,000, is building at Ottumwa,  
Iowa.

THE sale of Theodore Tilton's bio-  
graphy of Victoria Woodhull has been  
prohibited in Germany.

IT is said that a Washington negro is  
negotiating for the purchase of the  
Callhoun homestead in South Carolina.

DANIEL PRATT, "the Great American  
Traveler," has been arrested in Manches-  
ter, N. H., for vagrancy.

THREE hundred incipient topers have  
signed the temperance pledge at Iowa  
City.

TAVIDER'S Falls, Minn., ships three or  
four tons of venison to New York each  
week.

JOHN CORNELIUSSE, a grocer of Grand  
Rapids, Mich., has absconded, leaving  
debts to the amount of \$1